
CONVIVIAL SONGS.



MR. HEWERDINE

A COMPLETE
COLLECTION
OF THE
CONVIVIAL SONGS

WRITTEN BY
MR. HEWERDINE,

AND SUNG AT THE
JE NE SÇAI QUOI, ANACREONTIC, BEEF-STEAK
CLUBS, AND THE STRANGERS AT HOME.

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M. DCC. XCI.



SONGS.

THE MARRIAGE MORN.

Tune, *The Merry Dance.*

THE marriage morn I can't forget,
My senses teem'd with *new delight*;
Time, cry'd I, haste the coming night,
And Hymen, give me sweet Lifette:
I whisper'd softly in her ear,
And said, the GOD OF NIGHT draws near.

B

Oh,

Oh, how she look'd! Oh, how she smil'd! Oh,
 how she sigh'd!
 She sigh'd—then spent a joyful tear,

Now nuptial Night her curtain drew,
 And Cupid's mandate was, "Commence
 "With ardour, break the virgin fence;"
 Then to the bed sweet Lifette flew—
 'Twas heav'n to view her when she lay,
 And hear her cry, Come to me, pray;
 Oh, how I feel! Oh, how I pant! Oh, I shall
 die!—
 Shall die before the break of day!

Soon Manhood rose with furious gust;
 And Mars, when he lewd Venus view'd,
 Ne'er felt his pow'r so closely screw'd
 Up to the standing post of Lust:
 But when the stranger to her sight
 Sweet Lifette saw in rampant plight,
 Oh, how she scream'd! Oh, how she scream'd!
 Oh, how she scream'd!
 She scream'd—then grasp'd the dear delight.

Now lustful Nature eager grew,
 And longer could not wanton toy;

So

So rushing up the path of joy,
 Quick from the fount Love's liquor flew :
 At morn, she cry'd, full three times three
 The vivid stream I've felt from thee ;
 Oh, how I'm eas'd! Oh, how I'm pleas'd! Oh,
 how I'm charm'd!
 I'm charm'd with rapt'rous three times three!

MON CHARMANT VIT.

Tune, *Ma Chere Amie.*

As late a rural lovely lass,
Expos'd, lay sporting on the grass,
She thought the scene no eye could see,
Then thus exclaim'd in extacy,

MON CHARMANT VIT !

But all the time a spreading oak
Empower'd LE VIT to play his joke ;
So stepping from behind the tree,
She spy'd the NAKED MAJESTY

DU CHARMANT VIT !

With longing look the maiden view'd
His TOUT ENSEMBLE, goat-like lewd ;
With suppliant rapture, on her knee,
She cry'd, O Roger ! comfort me,

MON CHARMANT VIT !

By

By vig'rous impulse onward press'd,
And with her charms supremely blest'd,
Still, lovely Roger, still, cry'd she,
The COUP DE GRACE pray give to me,
MON CHARMANT VIT!

Each melting moment plainly prov'd,
How much her am'rous fire was mov'd ;
And when from lewd embrace set free,
She drooping sigh'd, you've done for me,
MON CHARMANT VIT!

CUPID'S FROLIC.

WHAT words can paint the pleasure
That springs from Love's soft pow'rs,
When nature's tufted treasure
Sheds sweets in spermy show'rs ?

CHORUS.

O Cupid! all creation enjoys the lustful time
Of charming copulation
As Nature's TRUE SUBLIME.

The crimson fluid glowing,
Each pore perspiring love ;
Each eye with joy o'erflowing,
The muscles lewdly move.
O Cupid, &c.

In am'rous pomp appearing,
Amaz'd the maiden eyes,
Love's RUDDER Cupid steering
To harbour 'tween her thighs.
O Cupid, &c.

Now

Now lewdly soft careffing,
 Their pliant limbs entwine ;
 To VELVET VELVET preffing,
 Then fprings the maiden mine.
 O Cupid, &c.

At length the lewd infufion
 O'erflows its mossy bounds,
 Her atoms dance confufion,
 She cries in moving founds,
 O Cupid, &c.

THE
LAMENTATION
 OF A
 LONGING LASS.

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM AT THE NEW BEEF-STEAK CLUB.

Air, For Tendernefs form'd, &c.

FAIR Sympathy's offspring, now hear me difclofe,
 In mournful narration, a fecret of woes :
 A damfel defponding I heard thus exclaim,
 " Time withers my paffions, defpair damps my
 " flame !

" For, Gods ! when fweet flumber my fenfes re-
 gale,
 " Such vifions of rapture fond Fancy affail,
 " That rous'd by their furor, *Love's ringlets* I view,
 " *Like the cot cov'ring thatch, dropping down pearly*
dew."

Then

Then Priapus God ! who fierce lech'ry inspires,
Pour forth thy lewd torrents to drown her desires !
Ah ! free her strong feelings from cruel controul,
And quell Nature's tumults that *riot her soul !*

THE
HIGH METTLED P—O.

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM AT THE BEEF-STEAK CLUB.

Tune, *The Race Horse.*

VIEW the lads lewd and lovely, of high sporting
race,

Prepar'd to encounter the lustful embrace;
Her t—s wide extended, her tempting breasts bare,
The lustful receiver conceal'd by black hair:
While ruddy and rampant, erecting his crest,
With ardour rebounding from knee to the breast,
The signal observ'd, firmly fix'd on his seat,
The high-mettl'd P—o first starts for the heat.

Full stretch'd, crossing, jostling, see onward they
rush,

And o'er the same ground three times speedily push,
Till weary'd, worn out, we behold P—o tame,
As he crawls off the course lifeless, jaded, and lame.

A short

A ſhort time elaps'd, when examin'd his caſe,
He's found ſorely injur'd by running the race ;
And the high-mettl'd P——o, erſt proud and elate,
Is pronounc'd by the knowing ones in for the plate.

Confin'd to the ſtable, ſhut out from the ſtud,
Reſtrain'd in his diet, and oft loſing blood,
He's plaſter'd and poultic'd, in linen rags rob'd,
Fir'd, purg'd, and bolus'd, cut, fying'd, and
 prob'd,
Till burning like ſtones that are turn'd into lime,
Alas ! luckleſs P——o's cut off in his prime.
Lament the hard fate this ſad ſtory informs,
The high-mettl'd P——o's made food for the
 worms.

BOTANY BAY.

Tune, *Liberty Hall.*

BRITANNIA, fair guardian of this favour'd land,
Lately sanction'd a scheme, in full Cabinet plann'd,
For transporting her sons who from honour dare
 stray,
To that sweet spot terrestrial, term'd BOTANY
 BAY.

Toll de roll, &c.

Now this BAY, by some blockheads we've sagely
 been told,
Was unknown to the fam'd navigators of old ;
But this I deny, in terms homely and blunt,
For BOTANY BAY is the spot we call —.

Toll de roll, &c.

Our

Our ancestor Adam, 'tis past any doubt,
Was the famous Columbus that found the spot out ;
He brav'd ev'ry billow, rock, quicksand, and shore,
To steer thro' THE PASSAGE none e'er steer'd be-
fore.

Toll de roll, &c.

Kind Nature, ere Adam had push'd off to sea,
Bid him be of good cheer, for his pilot she'd be :
Then his cables he slipp'd, and stood STRAIGHT
for the BAY,
But was stopp'd in his passage about THE MID-
WAY.

Toll de roll, &c.

Avast ! Adam cry'd, I'm dismasted, I doubt,
If I don't tack the HEAD of my VESSEL about ;
Take courage, cry'd Nature, and leave it to me,
For 'tis only THE LINE that divides THE RED SEA.

Toll de roll, &c.

Tho' shook by the STROKE, Adam's MAST stood up-
right,
His BALLAST was steady, his TACKLING quite
tight ;

Then

Then a breeze springing up, down the RED
STREIGHTS he ran,
And o'erjoy'd with his voyage, he fir'd off a GREAT
GUN.

Toll de roll, &c.

High from the MAST HEAD, by the help of ONE
EYE,
The HEART of the BAY did old Adam espy ;
Anc, alarim'd at a noise—to him Nature did say,
That it was the TRADE WIND, which blows always
ONE WAY.

Toll de roll, &c.

So transported was Adam in BOTANY BAY,
He dame Nature implor'd to SPEND there night
and day,
And curious he try'd the BAY's bottom to found,
But his LINE was too short by a YARD from the
ground.

Toll de roll, &c.

The time being out, Nature's sentence had pass'd ;
Adam humbly a favour of her bounty ask'd,
That

That when stock'd with provisions, and ev'ry
 thing found,
 To BOTANY BAY he again might be bound.
 Toll de roll, &c.

Nature granted the boon both to him and his race,
 And said, oft I'll transport you to that charming
 place ;
 But never, cry'd she, as you honour my word,
 Set sail with a Clap, Pox, or Famine on board.
 Toll de roll, &c.

Then this BOTANY BAY, or what e'er be the name,
 I have prov'd is the spot from whence all of us
 came ;
 May we there be transported, like Adam our fire,
 And never return *'fore the time shall expire.*
 Toll de roll, &c.

THE
NEWLY DUBB'D JEW.

Tune, *Derry Down*.

MY Muse, t'other day, having laughter in view,
Selected George Gordon, the lately *cut* Jew,
Resolving to state, with Mosaic precision,
What befel poor Crop's P—— on the late circum-
cision.

The Rabbi appear'd, and the Christian's foreskin
Was about to be banish'd, to cleanse Crop of sin;
But Gentiles and Jews, mark the cream of the
joke,
By Prometheus inspir'd, his P—— suddenly spoke.

Tho' with fear first poor P——o had prudently
shrunk,
And, like snail in its horn, snugly hid lay his
trunk;

To

To the Priest then he cry'd, put your knife in its
case,

Or, you terrible Cut P——k, I'll piss in your face.

My Lord stood amaz'd, and the Rabbi was mum,
To hear a thing talk that had ever been dumb ;
Tho' Crop said his P—— ne'er obey'd his com-
mand,

But always *lay down* when he wish'd him to *stand*.

This damnable riot in Crop's private parts
So baffl'd the Priest and his circumcis'd arts,
That he swore, if P—— did not cease making a
route,

He'd pull out his c—d—m, and muffle his snout.

Not a crab-louse car'd P—— for the Priest and
his laws ;

He stood up for his *prepuce*, and spoke to the cause ;
His language was nervous, his reas'ning clear,
And he spoke full as well as the *Members* elsewhere.

Your life, cry'd he, Crop, 's a mere mock of de-
votion ;

Well spoken, said Cods, who was backing each
motion ;

D

Such

Such conduct, he said, combin'd madnes and fin;
And Cods swore his friend P—— should sleep in
a whole skin.

Now in Akerman's synagogue Crop's got a place;
A beard like a Jew doth his pious front grace;
In time 'tis to grow so enormously big,
As to make TOMMY ERSKINE a full-bottom'd
wig.

Mr. P——o, said Crop, to turn Turk I intend,
And 'mongst smack and smooth eunuchs my days
will I end;
Poor P—— took the hint, and did woefully weep,
Till his *flesh cap* slipp'd o'er him, then he fell
asleep.

THE FLATS AND THE SHARPS OF THE NATION.

OF HANDEL's fam'd Commemoration,
 And what was let loose there I sing,
 When the Flats and the Sharps of our nation
 Assembl'd along with their King.
 Madam Mara (now mark what will follow)
 Her ravishing sounds was imparting ;
 Momus play'd off a trick on Apollo,
 And fet the sweet lady a f—t—g.

At Sowgelders Hall rural scene,
 The feat of a Knight and his swine,
 The musical Madam had been
 Invited by Mawbey to dine :
 So the cause of this windy commotion
 Was owing, if we're not mistaken,
 To her bolting too great a proportion
 Of pease-pudding and gammon of bacon.

Sir John Hawky, the musical Knight,
 Who in wit all the Quorum surpasses,
 And to whom, if we judge of him right,
 The wise men of Greece were mere asses,
 Has defin'd Ancient Music to be
 What sprung from the bottom of Madam,
 And that under the wisdom-fraught tree
 Eve f—t-d in concert with Adam.

Now those sages renown'd in our nation,
 The fam'd F.R.S.S. do tell us,
 That to blow up the coals of creation,
 The bum is a species of bellows.
 But Priestley, who loves to oppose,
 Doth a diff'rent system insist on,
 And swears that he's led by the nose
 To pronounce it a Cask of Plogiston.

The moment the Lady let fly,
 Billington, Storacci, and Kelly,
 With laughter were ready to die
 At the pickle of poor Rubinelli;
 For Rubi, the father of screeches,
 In laughing at Mara, so strain'd it,

That

That his PIPE let the piss in his breeches,
For no CISTERN has he to retain it.

Hurlowe Thrumbo, your wonder 'twill raise,
Is of catgut so charming a scraper,
That, old Orpheus-like, when he plays,
The trees and the brutes round him caper.
He blasted the Thing I won't name,
Hop'd she'd burst on the rock of damnation;
But he stopp'd when the Bishop cry'd "Shame,
"Brother, think of the late proclamation."

That famous reformist, Jack Wilkes,
Martin Luther the Second now deem'd,
Sat in converse with Lawn Sleeves and Silks,
And declar'd Sacred Music blasphem'd;
But Jack turning round to Jem Twitch,
Swore 'twas like the affair on the Terrace,
When Bethsheba, impudent bitch,
Shew'd bollocking David her bare arse.

Now Sir Watkin ap Williams ap Wynne,
Who came from whence came John ap Morgan,
Roar'd out to the band-leading Bates,
To drown the FOUL NOISE with *hur* organ:

So

So Bates, by a blast of the bellows,
Made peace and sweet sounds rule the roast ;
Then drink about, laughing fellows—
For f——g and fiddling's my toast.

HUMBUG CLUB CONSTITUTIONAL SONG.

Air, The Roast Beef of Old England.

THIS tastety gay town's grown of humbug so full,
That ev'ry new day starts new matter to gull,
Credulity's known by the name of John Bull.

O the humbugs of Old England ;
How finely Old England's humbugg'd!

Sham patriots profess, with a plausible grace,
The nerves of the nation they shortly could brace,
But *pro bono publico* means a good place.

O the humbugs, &c.

Here clergy the minister flatter and fawn,
Stick close to his skirts to secure sleeves of lawn,
And

And the curate's old cassock goes weekly to pawn.
O the humbugs, &c.

The dunce is dubb'd doctor, *sans* sence in his
head,
And fame unacquir'd is thro' quackery spread,
With cures that are cureless credulity's fed.
O the humbugs, &c.

The captain's a compound of flash and cockade,
Cosmetics, pink powder, with curl carronade,
And his feats are confin'd to box-lobby parade.
O the humbugs, &c.

Now lawyers are licens'd their clients to cheat,
Trading justices equity tread under feet,
And rascally runners all rogu'ry greet.
O the humbugs, &c.

The stage, to amuse us, sings "Fal de Ral Tit,"
With "Che chow cherry chow, and cherry chow
chit ;"
And then, to humbug us, they puff it as wit.
O the humbugs, &c.

So

So now, brother humbugs, you all plainly see,
That few modern modes from humbugging are
free ;

Let's distinguish *our humbug* with wine, wit, and
glee.

O the humbug, &c.

HUMBUG MEDLEY.

Air, Bow Wow.

SILENCE, humbugs all, and I'll sing you a merry
fong ;

Like our lives, 'tis a medley, neither short nor
very long :

I mean plainly to prove, that in high and low
station,

Hub, hub, bub, bub, boo, is the business of the
nation.

Hub, bub, boo, fal, lal, &c.

As late from the hall Hurlow Thrumbo came
growling,

A carman's great dog at his coach set up howl-
ing ;

Enrag'd

Enrag'd with the brute, Hurlow let down the glafs,
fir,
Cry'd, " whose dog is that ?" quoth the carman,
" ask his a—, fir."

The coachman drove on ; but ere he'd driven very
far,
Two wheels were left behind, and fnap went the
splinter bar ;
Hurlow roar'd out aloud (tho' no doubt he did
wrong to it),
For he blasted the bar, and all that *belong'd* to't.

'Tis not long ago, fince poor Jack, the Brighton
taylor,
For fitching well a *button-hole*, was pinn'd up by
the jailor :
The trial tells us, by furprife, fnip feiz'd an artlefs
laf, fir,
And cabbag'd her virginity, the beft piece of her
a—, fir,

The maiden fcream'd, and fnip team'd with love's
delicious liquor ;
O there never was a taylor that could fitch it nine
times quicker ;

'Twas ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto,
Till he work'd up all the thread, then he ripp'd
up the slit O.

“ R———,” dames cry, “ what a ravishing
creature !

“ His pipe ! and his shake ! and each delicate fea-
ture !”

But la ! what a pity, divine R——— !
Your pipe can but carry the p—— from your belly !
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

If wedlock's your plan, ere you scheme to open
trenches,
Humbugs, pray take heed of our modern made-up
wenches :
Fore and aft they are plump to view, but feel, and
you will find, fir,
They've bubbies like blown bladders, and all is
hum behind, fir.

Oh poverty ! our purses spare, and pains, do not
perplex us,
Still the cheerful song we'll chaunt, nor shall
trifles ever vex us ;

But

But leave to dreary dull dogs their cheerless hours
to spend, fir,
Whilst we, in mirthful mood, meet our bottles,
c——s, and friends, fir.

Now the sequel of my song mark well each hum-
bug brother,
Tho' here we laugh, drink and joke, and hum-
bug one another ;
When out of wind, Death hums us, and we're
sent the Lord knows where, fir,
If we've humbugg'd the Devil, I'll be damn'd if
we need fear, fir.

ANACREONTIC.

Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.

HOR.

WOULD you wish, my jovial heart,
 To laugh when graver mortals cry,
 Wine and glee their pow'rs impart ;
 So drink and laugh, boys, till ye die.
 Bacchus thrilling thro' each vein,
 Tunes the soul to lively strain ;
 Ne'er, then, load wing'd Time with sorrow,
 Enjoy to-day, nor trust to-morrow.

How foolish what those wise ones say,
 Who chill warm hearts with frigid rules ;
 Their maxims ne'er can care allay ;
 Let's leave them, then, to knaves and fools.
 Bacchus thrilling, &c.

Let

Let us enjoy the jocund scene,
Which friendship, wit, and wine adorn,
With women, bright as Beauty's queen ;
For such Anacreon's sons were born.
Bacchus thrilling, &c.

The churlish man, with Envy's eye,
May frown at this our festive hour ;
The Fates to him such joys deny ;
We sip life's sweets, and he the sour.
Bacchus thrilling, &c.

Each gloomy thought is held to be,
In this gay court, a type of folly ;
Our souls in sentiment agree,
And while we live, boys, we'll be jolly.
Bacchus thrilling, &c.

CONVIVIAL.

Tune, *Mrs. Casey.*

WHEN round reflection foggy Care
 His dreary damp disperses,
 And Prudence, with *didactic* air,
 Her cautious code rehearſes ;
 Then grant us, gods, ſome glowing wine,
 Such foes of glee to baniſh ;
 'Twill make our heart's *horizon* ſhine,
 And ev'ry vapour vaniſh.

CHORUS.

Then laugh and drink,
 And never think ;
 Each friſky feſtive fellow
 Will ſeize the time,
 The ſeaſon's prime,
 T' enjoy the fruit while mellow.

The

The heights of love we can't attain,
 Till wine's electric potion
 Reach the summit of the brain,
 To quicken Fancy's motion :
 Then Nature's *still*, with rapid flow,
 In *am'rous fermentation*,
 Fills thro' THE WORM the vat below
 With *luscious distillation*.

When fate arriv'd our LATTER END,
 And time to dust shall grind us,
 Our *atoms* can't the eyes offend
 Of neighbours left behind us :
 If with the heart-expanding bowl,
 Inspiring love and laughter,
 We soak the body and the soul,
 'Twill lay the dust *hereafter*.

The hardy tars more valiant fight,
 The soldiers fally quicker,
 The poets with more *spirit* write,
 When charg'd with *conqu'ring liquor* :
 And to sorrow-sinking hearts
 Wine's the true salvation ;
 For, take enough, and soon departs
Suspended animation.

F

His

His journey soon must end, they say,
 Who drives thro' life so quickly ;
 And, ere in years his hair turn grey,
 His body weak and sickly :
 If *Velnos' Syrup* he pursue,
 'Twill strengthen trunk and twig, fir ;
 And if his hair should change its hue,
 He can but mount a wig, fir.

Kind Fortune, fix the jolly soul
 On Plenty's full-plum'd pinion,
 To soar beyond the sad controul
 Of Poverty's dominion ;
 And when, with eager fatal claw,
 You take him by the *throttle*,
 His precious cork of life to draw,
 O Death! don't *shake* the *bottle*.

THE
DYING DAMSEL.

Adapted to the Music of the Minuet Movement in the
"Siege of Belgrade."

SUNG BY MR. INCLEDON.

A DYING damsel ask'd me why
Her lips had lost their crimson dye?
And, not unskill'd in Nature's laws,
I chafely hinted, that the cause
Was her la ra, la ra, &c.

"These eyes," said she, "of late so blue,
"Do now assume a pallid hue:"
Again, as skill'd in Nature's laws,
I chafely hinted, that the cause
Was her la ra, la ra, &c.

F 2

"My

“ My cheeks,” cry’d she, “ no longer bloom ;
 “ My breath has lost its sweet perfume :”
 Fear not, said I, for Nature’s laws
 Do plainly dictate, that the cause
 Is your la ra, la ra, &c.

“ My skin doth lack the firm and fair,”
 She said, “ alas ! I lose my hair :”
 But still I urg’d, that Nature’s laws
 To these effects ascrib’d the cause
 To be her la ra, la ra, &c.

“ My bosom too, I blush to tell,
 “ Doth not with wonted ardour swell :”
 Go on, said I, sweet maid—reveal,
 Pray tell me all you *know* and *feel* !
 About la ra, la ra, &c.

Said she, “ To throw off all disguise,
 “ I *feel* a tingling ’tween my thighs :”—
 Enough, cry’d I ; so Nature’s laws
 I put in force to *stop* the cause
 Of her la ra, la ra, &c.

A

G L E E.

THE MUSIC BY MR. SHAW.

Amoroso.

'T WAS near a cave, sweet Echo's dwelling,
I heard a voice with sorrow swelling :
A FAIR ONE, form'd for love and pleasure,
Along a bed of vi'lets lay ;
While sleep seduc'd, her *tufted treasure*
Some vengeful LOVER cut away.

I saw her rise, beheld her viewing,
And with her tears *the spot* bedewing :
The GOD OF LOVE, with grief-fraught feeling,
Took pity on the maiden's lot ;
Between her thighs then flily stealing,
He too *shed tears* upon *the spot*.

Now,

Now, as the genial April show'r
Doth cheer the growth of drooping flow'r,
So VENUS' MOUNT, with moisture blended,
From Cupid's and the virgin's store,
Brought forth *a crop* so rich and splendid,
THE LIKE was never seen *before*.

RUNNYMEDE PILLAR.

Air, I can't for my Life guess the Cause of this Fuss.

To celebrate deeds of renown, 'tis agreed
That a pillar on fam'd Runnymede be erected :
MEN of PARTS of all parties then here may proceed,
To relate how this wonderful work is effected.
The pillar's to stand in Middlesex land,
BUSHY PARK'S CENTRE'S the sweet pleasure
ground ;
A strong-fenc'd retreat, well water'd and sweet,
Where Adam first FELL, Runnymede's to be
found.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Rare Runnymede such pleasures producing,
 No language of mortals is equal to tell ;
 Tho' Moses declines it, my Muse thus defines it
 The paradise where our progenitors FELL.

When the midwife, our welcome deliv'rer, came,
 Runnymede witness'd a great revolution ;
 From bondage she brought us, and Nature, dear
 dame,
 To Britain's brave sons gave their good Consti-
 tution :
 For blessings like these, let gratitude seize
 The CRITICAL MINUTE its ardour to shew ;
 The STONES first prepare the PILLAR to rear,
 Then DISCHARGE in this MEDE the just debt
 that we owe.

Rare Runnymede, &c.

When Eve, with a mixture of fear and surprise,
 Beheld the HUGE PILLAR of Adam erected,
 Her bare bosom heav'd, and gave vent to soft
 sighs,
 While with curious eye she the structure in-
 spected.

O'erjoy'd

O'erjoy'd did she trace the moss round its base,
 But its altitude did her chaste senses appal ;
 Eve fainted away, and Moses doth say,
 That her apron of fig-leaves flew up in the fall.
 Rare Runnymede, &c.

Adam's instinct divine display'd pow'rs that prove,
 Mighty man most sagacious of Nature's crea-
 tion ;
 Eve's distress he beheld, and in pity Love
 His COLUMN convey'd to its dear destination.
 What follow'd, you'll find, is wisely design'd,
 And the Hercules' Pillar of Pagan renown
 Ne'er long could stand in Middlesex land,
 Adam's BASIS gave way, so the Pillar fell down.
 Rare Runnymede, &c.

By the magical touch of his heav'n-tun'd 'lyre,
 Amphion the Theban King wonders effected ;
 Stones erst in confusion his sounds did inspire,
 They danc'd, and we're told tow'ring walls were
 erected.
 Such harmonic sway this Mede doth display,
 And from chaos, thus transient, can order re-
 store ;

G

A quick

A quick resurrection succeeds the defection,
To meet the same fate that befel it before.
Rare Runnymede, &c.

That architect, old Mother Phillips I mean,
Doth cases prepare of a curious constructure,
From the fury of fire *standing Pillars* to screen,
As light'ning disarm'd by th' *attractive Con-*
ductor :
But curst be her traffic for THINGS POLYGRA-
PHIC ;
To vend for original, Pillars she plann'd ;
Monuments base usurping the place,
Where alone the PROUD PILLAR of Nature
should stand.

Rare Runnymede, &c.

Tho' partisans differ, in this all agree,
From Reason's clear light, and from Nature's
dictation,
That THE MEDE, at this moment, my mind's eye
doth see,
Is alone the sweet spot for the PROUD PILLAR's
station.

There

There stout may it stand, resisting Time's hand :
And, Nature, great architect, on thee we call;
From fire protect it, when down don't neglect it,
Let it FALL but to RISE, let it RISE but to
FALL.

Rare Runnymede, &c.

THE
BANKRUPT BAWD.

Air, The Vicar of Bray.

NEAR Jermyn-street A BAWD did trade,
In credit, style, and splendor,
Well known to ev'ry *high bred* blade,
And those of *doubtful* gender :
How Nature once, in *marring* mood,
Her body form'd, I'll tell ye ;
Upon her back a *swelling* *stood*,
To mock her *barren* belly.

CHORUS.

For some succeed, and others fail,
That into commerce enter,
So few are chaste, and many frail,
In this *great trading* Centre.

In

In *coney skins* her commerce lay,
A charming stock she'd laid in ;
She ne'er to *smugglers* fell a prey,
Her practice was *fair trading* :
These skins when *dress'd* were *red* and *white*,
The *fur* of each *fair creature*,
Of diff'rent hues, hath day and night
Kept warm man's *naked nature*.
For some succeed, &c.

The trading stock of this OLD BAWD
A *vital stab* sustain'd, fir ;
The news like *wild-fire* flew abroad,
Each customer *complain'd*, fir :
Some *coney skins* lay with a lot,
By caution uninspected ;
So *quarantine*, alas! forgot,
Foul plague the whole infected.
For some succeed, &c.

Now OLD and YOUNG her shop forfook,
Insolvent was her plight, fir,
When *Habeas Corpus* Catchpole took
Her body off by night, fir ;

From

From *Banco Regis* civil law,
 To liquidate her debt, fir,
 Between *the sheets* this OLD BAWD saw
Of London's fam'd Gazette, fir.
 For some succeed, &c.

To give each creditor his due,
 Three men, *the Lord's Anointed*,
 JACK WILKES, LORD SANDWICH, and OLD Q.
 Were Assignees appointed :
 But, luckless Bawd ! the after day
 Her stock *on fire* they found, fir ;
 So 'twas agreed she could not pay
A cundum in the pound, fir.
 For some succeed, &c.

The skin (*her own*) this Bawd had left,
 Each Assignee did handle ;
 'Twas found of all its *fur bereft*,
 By singeing flame of candle :
 Some *butter'd bunns* conceal'd within,
 Old Q's keen eye beset, fir ;
 So Wilkes defin'd this coney skin
A fund for floating debt, fir.
 For some succeed, &c.

By

By *headlong* lust her claimants led,
 They seiz'd her *mortal treasure* ;
 The *furless* coney skin was spread,
 A *dividend* past measure.
 Now all *came in*, not one *flood out* ;
 THE BAUD was set at large, fir ;
 Her coney skin (of *worth*, no doubt)
 Did ev'ry MAN *discharge*, fir.
 For some succeed, &c.

FINIS.



